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A W O R D

Alexander Cudde's

T O A

Tracts

D R U N K A R D.

ARE you a man? God made you a *man*: but you make yourself a *beast*. Wherein does a *man* differ from a *beast*? Is it not chiefly in *reason*, in *understanding*. But you throw away what *reason* you have. You strip yourself of your *understanding*. You do all you can to make yourself a mere *beast*: not a fool, not a madman only; but a *swine*, a poor filthy *swine*.

O how honourable is a *beast* of God's *making*, compared to one that *makes himself* a *beast*! but that is not all. You make yourself a *devil*. You stir up all the devilish tempers that are in you: you heighten and increase them. You cause the fire of anger, or malice, or lust, to burn seven times hotter than before. At the same time you grieve the spirit of God, 'till you drive him quite away from you. And whatever spark of good remained in your soul, you drown and quench at once.

So you are now just *fit* for every *work* of the *devil*, having cast off all that is good or virtuous, and filled your heart with every thing that is bad, that is earthly, sensual, and devilish. You have forced the spirit of God to depart from you;
for

for you would take none of his reproof: and you have given yourself up into the hands of the devil, to be led blindfold by him at his will.

Now, what should hinder the same thing from befalling you, which befell him who was ask'd, which was the greatest sin, adultery, drunkenness, or murder? and which of the three he had rather commit? He said, drunkenness was the least. Soon after he got drunk: he then met with another man's wife, and ravish'd her: the husband coming to help her, he murdered him.—So drunkenness, adultery and murder went together:

I have heard a story of a poor, wild *Indian* far wiser than either him or you: The *English* gave him a cask of strong liquor. The next morning he called his friends together, and setting it in the midst of them said, "These *white men* have given us *poison*. The man who gave me this, was a wise man, and would hurt none but his enemies. But as soon as he had drunk of this, he was mad, and would have killed his own brother. We will not be *poisoned*." He then broke the cask, and poured the liquor upon the sand.

On what motive do you thus *poison* yourself? only for the *pleasure* of doing it? What will you make yourself a *beast*, or rather a *devil*? will you run the hazard of committing all manner of villainies; and

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this only for the poor *pleasure* of a few moments, while the *poison* is running down your throat? O never call yourself a *Christian*! never call yourself a *man*! you are sunk beneath the greater part of the *beasts* that perish.

But you say, you drink for the sake of *company*. You do it to oblige your *friends*. For *company*, do you say? how is this? will you take a dose of *ratbane* for *company*? If twenty men were to do so before you, would not you desire to be excused? how much more may you desire to be excused from going to *hell* for *company*? but, “to oblige your *friends*.” What manner of *friends* are they, who would be *obliged* by your destroying yourself, who would suffer, nay entice you so to do? they are villains. They are your worst enemies. They are just such *friends*, as a man that would smile in your face, and stab you to the heart.

O do not aim at any excuse. Say not, as many do, “I am no one’s *enemy*, but *my own*.” If it were so, what a poor saying is this, “I give none but *my own* soul to the devil?” alas! is not that too much? why shouldst thou give him *thy own* soul? do it not: rather give it to God.

But it is not so. You are an enemy to your *king*, whom you rob hereby of an useful subject. You are an *enemy* to your *country*, which you defraud of the service you might do, either as a man, or a *Chris-*
tian.

tian. You are an *enemy* to every man that see you in your sin; for your example may move him to do the same. A drunkard is a *public enemy*. I should not wonder at all, if (like Cain of old) you was afraid, that every man who meeteth you should slay you.

Above all, you are an *enemy* to God, the great God of heaven and earth; to him who surrounds you on every side, and can just now send you quick into hell. Him you are continually affronting to his face. You are setting him at open defiance. O do not provoke him thus any more. Fear the great God!

You are an *enemy* to Christ, to the Lord that bought you. You fly in the face of his authority. You set at nought both his sovereign power and tender love. You crucify him afresh. And when you call him *your Saviour*, what is it less than to betray him with a kiss.

O repent! see and feel what a wretch you are. Pray to God, to convince you in your inmost soul, how often you have crucified him afresh, and put him to an open shame. Pray that you may know yourself to be (inwardly and outwardly) all sin, all guilt, all helplessness. Then cry out, *Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me—Thou Lamb of God, take away my sins—Grant me thy peace.—Justify the ungodly.—O bring me to the blood of sprinkling, that I may go and sin no more; that I may love much, having had so much forgiven!*